

THE OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK MAGAZINE!

SPRING 1999

RESIDENT EVIL™ #5



- **FEATURING "KANE & ABE," THE EXCITING CONCLUSION TO "DEAD AIR/ZOMBIES ABROAD," PLUS TWO OTHER THRILLING STORIES!**

- **NEW, EXPANDED RESIDENT EVIL™ FILES!**

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RESIDENT EVIL™

The Official Comic Book Magazine #5 - Spring 1999



In this issue:

- **"...And the Last Shall Be First"** – Dexter Whitlam, teenage genius, is victimized by schoolyard bullies. Breaking into a secret Umbrella laboratory, he steals a vial of the G-virus. Now it's time for him to turn the tables on his tormentors.
Story by Kris Oprisko
Art by Lee Bermejo
- **"Emmy's Bloody Spoon"** – Claire Redfield's first experience in Raccoon City was to stumble on a horrific scene of carnage in the local diner. Find out how the bloodbath started in the moments before she arrived.
Story by Ted Adams
Art by Ryan Odagawa
- **"Kane & Abe"** – In their quest for Umbrella's European HQ, Chris, Jill, and Barry have narrowly avoided death in the air and battled zombies across the continent. Now they face the biggest danger yet in a creepy German castle. Will they escape with their lives?
Story by Ted Adams
Art by Carlos D'Anda
- **The Resident Evil Files** – This issue, we feature Barry Burton, the Licker, Leon S. Kennedy, and the baby.
- **Epitaphs** – More wild and wonderful letters and art from *Resident Evil* fans worldwide!

Credits:

Based on characters and situations from the Capcom video games *Resident Evil* and *Resident Evil 2*.

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Cover illustration by Carlos D'Anda &
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THE PRESTIGIOUS PINE GROVE ACADEMY, NESTLED IN THE ROLLING FARMLAND OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA, IS ONE OF THE NATION'S FINEST BOARDING SCHOOLS.

TO DEXTER WHITLAM, IT'S HOME. A PLACE TO HONE HIS INTELLECTUAL PROWESS. A PLACE TO PONDER THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE.

AN ALMOST PERFECT ENVIRONMENT FOR HIM.

THESE HALLOWED HALLS ARE A MAGNET FOR SOME OF AMERICA'S BRIGHTEST YOUNG MINDS, AS WELL AS THE LESS DESERVING SCIONS OF OLD MONEY FAMILIES.

JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
...AND THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

KRIS OPRISKO LEE BERMEJO
STORY PENCILS
JOHN TIGHE ROB ROBBINS
INKS LETTERS
WILDSTORM FX COMPUTER COLORS



ALMOST, BUT NOT QUITE.

FREEZE, GEEK BOY!



DEXTER, DEXTER, DEXTER. DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD CROSS ME AND GET AWAY WITH IT?



BUT I--

SAVE IT, LOSER! I NEEDED YOUR CHEM NOTES LAST NIGHT AND YOU SHAFTED ME!



BUT I DO ALWAYS ENJOY THESE TIMES WE HAVE TOGETHER.



UGGH.



"ONE DAY I'LL MAKE THEM ALL PAY."



LATER THAT NIGHT, DEXTER SEETHES WITH RAGE AS THE LITANY OF INDIGNITIES HE'S SUFFERED AT HIS TORMENTORS' HANDS PLAYS IN HIS MIND.

Our Universe

$E=MC^2$

THOSE BASTARDS ARE GONNA GET WHAT'S COMING TO THEM.

KELLY THORNEDIKE, LEADER OF THE "IN" CROWD AND SON OF ARMAMENT TYCOON CLIFTON THORNEDIKE, SMUG AND PRETENTIOUS WITH A NASTY MEAN STREAK.

WADE BODDINGTON III, NARCISSISTIC PRETTY BOY, ALWAYS READY TO IMPRESS THE LADIES WITH A SHOW OF STRENGTH AT DEXTER'S EXPENSE.

TODD LIMBENHAUER, DIM WITTED FOOTBALL STAR, WOULD DO ANYTHING KELLY ASKED HIM TO IN ORDER TO REMAIN POPULAR.



THEY HAVE NO IDEA WHO THEY'RE TRIFLING WITH. ONE DAY THOSE PAMPERED THUGS WILL EXHAUST THE PATIENCE AND FORTUNE OF THEIR FAMILIES, WHILE I'LL BE A REVERED SCIENTIFIC GENIUS!

THEY'LL... THEY'LL CRAWL TO ME, BEGGING FOR MY HELP!



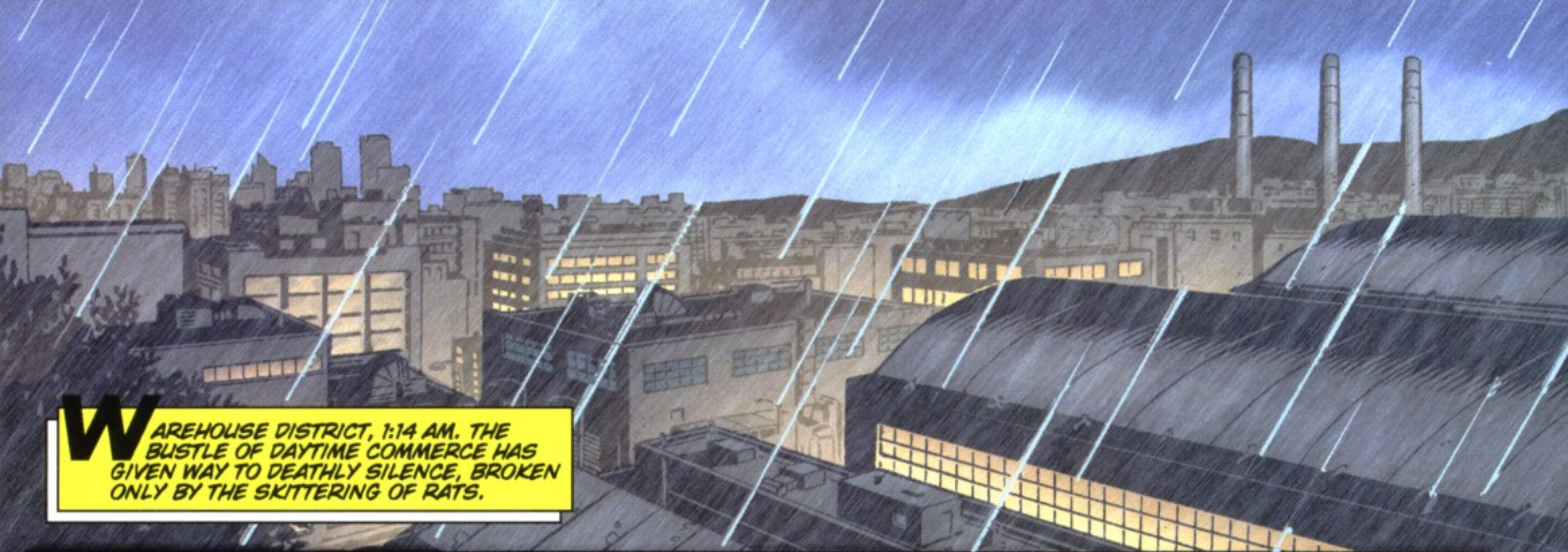
HOW I'LL ENJOY CRUSHING THEM!



UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, DEXTER STEALS OUT OF HIS DORMITORY.



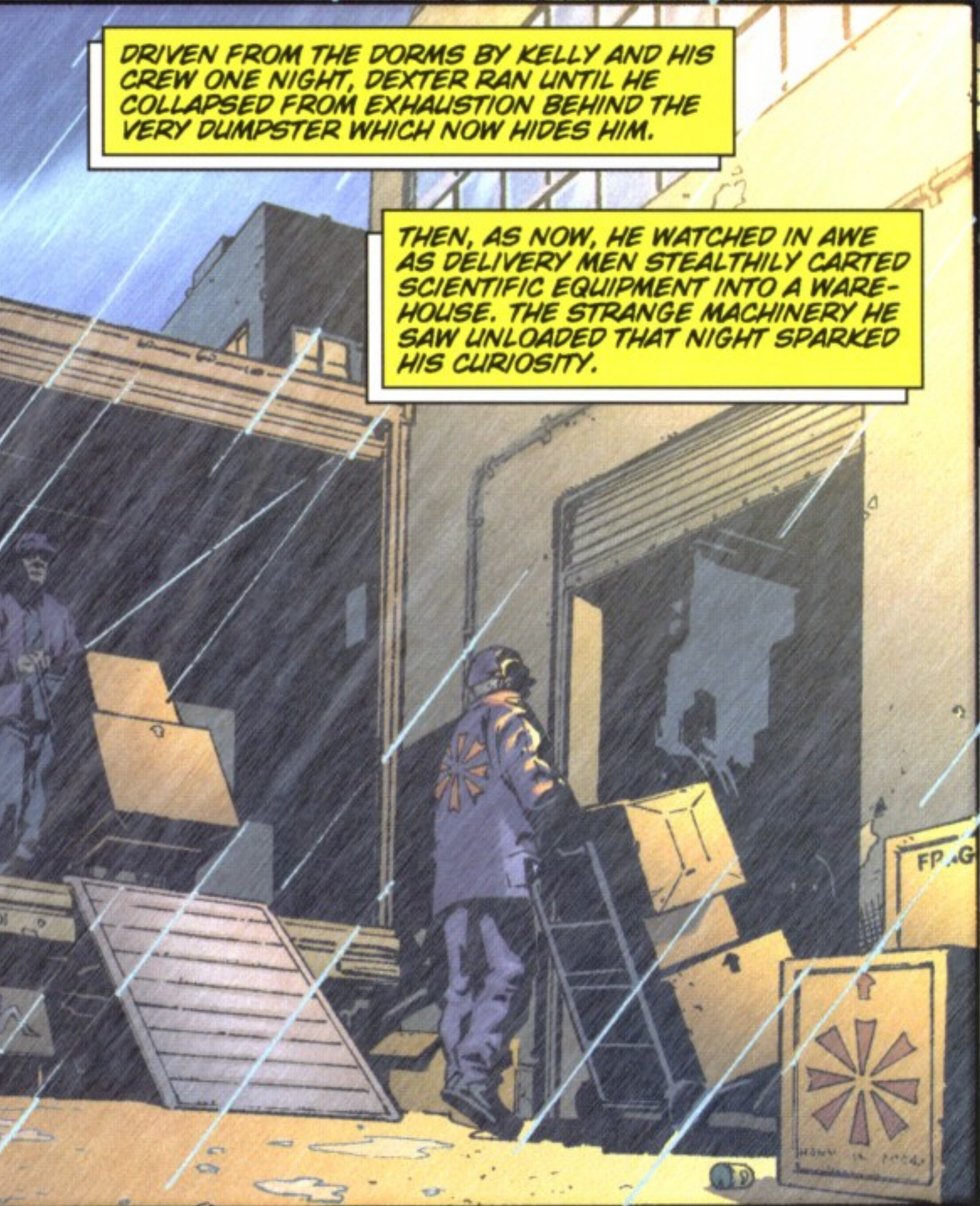
MAYBE TONIGHT I'LL GET MY CHANCE.



WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, 1:14 AM. THE BUSTLE OF DAYTIME COMMERCE HAS GIVEN WAY TO DEATHLY SILENCE, BROKEN ONLY BY THE SKITTERING OF RATS.



DRIVEN FROM THE DORMS BY KELLY AND HIS CREW ONE NIGHT, DEXTER RAN UNTIL HE COLLAPSED FROM EXHAUSTION BEHIND THE VERY DUMPSTER WHICH NOW HIDES HIM.



THEN, AS NOW, HE WATCHED IN AWE AS DELIVERY MEN STEALTHILY CARTED SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT INTO A WAREHOUSE. THE STRANGE MACHINERY HE SAW UNLOADED THAT NIGHT SPARKED HIS CURIOSITY.



SINCE THEN, HE'S BEEN RETURNING NIGHTLY, WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE.

KUK



HOLY S#!+!
WHAT IS THIS
STUFF!?



IT LOOKS LIKE A
BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH
FACILITY, BUT...



COOL! OBVIOUSLY
SOME SORT OF GENETIC
CODE MANIPULATION LEADING
TO MASSIVE MUTATION. THIS
THING COULD DO SOME
SERIOUS DAMAGE.



AND I'D BET MY LIFE THAT VIAL IS PART OF THE PROCESS. I'LL JUST ACCESS THAT COMPUTER...



...AND THEN THE MONK SAYS, "PULL IT AND I'LL TELL YOU!"

HA HA HA! JACKIE THE JOKEMAN KILLS ME!



HUH? EARL, WE'VE GOT A SECURITY BREACH!

THERE HE GOES! LOOKS LIKE SOME KID.



PROBABLY JUST A THRILL SEEKER. I WAS KIND OF WILD WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, TOO.

DUDE, THE UMBRELLA BRASS IS GONNA CAN OUR BUTTS IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO THEIR STUFF.



DON'T LOOK LIKE NOTHIN'S MISSIN', THOUGH. WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

DUNNO. PRETEND IT DIDN'T HAPPEN AND COUNT OURSELVES LUCKY, I GUESS.



IT'S GOTTA BE SOME KIND OF VIRUS, BUT IT DOESN'T MATCH ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE. IF I CAN REPLICATE THE MUTATION OF THAT THING FROM THE WAREHOUSE, I'LL BE INVINCIBLE! THEN KELLY, WADE, AND TODD WILL--



WE'LL WHAT, PUNK?



YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T GET US ANGRY, DEXTER. I'M LOSING MY PATIENCE.

YOU WANT A PIECE OF US? OR ARE YOU GONNA SIC YOUR NERDY GIRLFRIEND ON US AGAIN?

YEAH, KELLY, ME TOO.

SHUT UP, TODD.



WHAT YOU GOT THERE, BRAINIAC? ONE OF YOUR PRECIOUS CHEMISTRY BOOKS?



SUCKS THAT YOU CAN'T READ IT.



YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE, CRETIN. HE'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO YOU.



DAMN, THAT HURT. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR CRAP.

UGGH...



LATER, LOSERS!

THAT'S IT! YOU GUYS ARE DEAD! I'LL RIP YOUR HEARTS OUT!



C'MON RUTHIE, LET'S GET YOU CLEANED UP. THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS-- I PROMISE.

WEST SIDE
WAREHOUSE.

YOU FEEBLE-
MINDED IDIOTS!! DID YOU
REALLY THINK WE WOULD
FAIL TO NOTICE A MISSING
G-VIRUS SAMPLE? PERHAPS
YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE THE
SUBJECTS OF OUR NEW
EXPERIMENT ON HOW LONG
ONE CAN LIVE WHEN
SKINNED ALIVE?

N-NO, PLEASE. I
SWEAR WE WEREN'T
TRYING TO COVER
NOTHIN' UP.

MR. VENK,
PERHAPS IT'S
TIME FOR SOME
NOT-SO-GENTLE
PERSUASION.

AND YET
YOU REPORTED
NO BREAK-IN.
INTERESTING.

IT WAS JUST...
WELL, WE ONLY SEEN
HIM RUNNIN' OUT, BUT HE
WAS JUST A TEENAGER. WE
THOUGHT HE WAS LOOKIN' FOR
A THRILL. WHAT COULD HE
KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS
SCIENTIFIC STUFF?

A TEENAGER?

IT LOOKS LIKE
WE'VE GOT A FEW
SCHOOLS TO VISIT. THANK
YOU, GENTLEMEN. YOUR
INFORMATION HAS BEEN
VERY HELPFUL.

YOU MAY
KILL THEM
NOW, MR.
VENK.

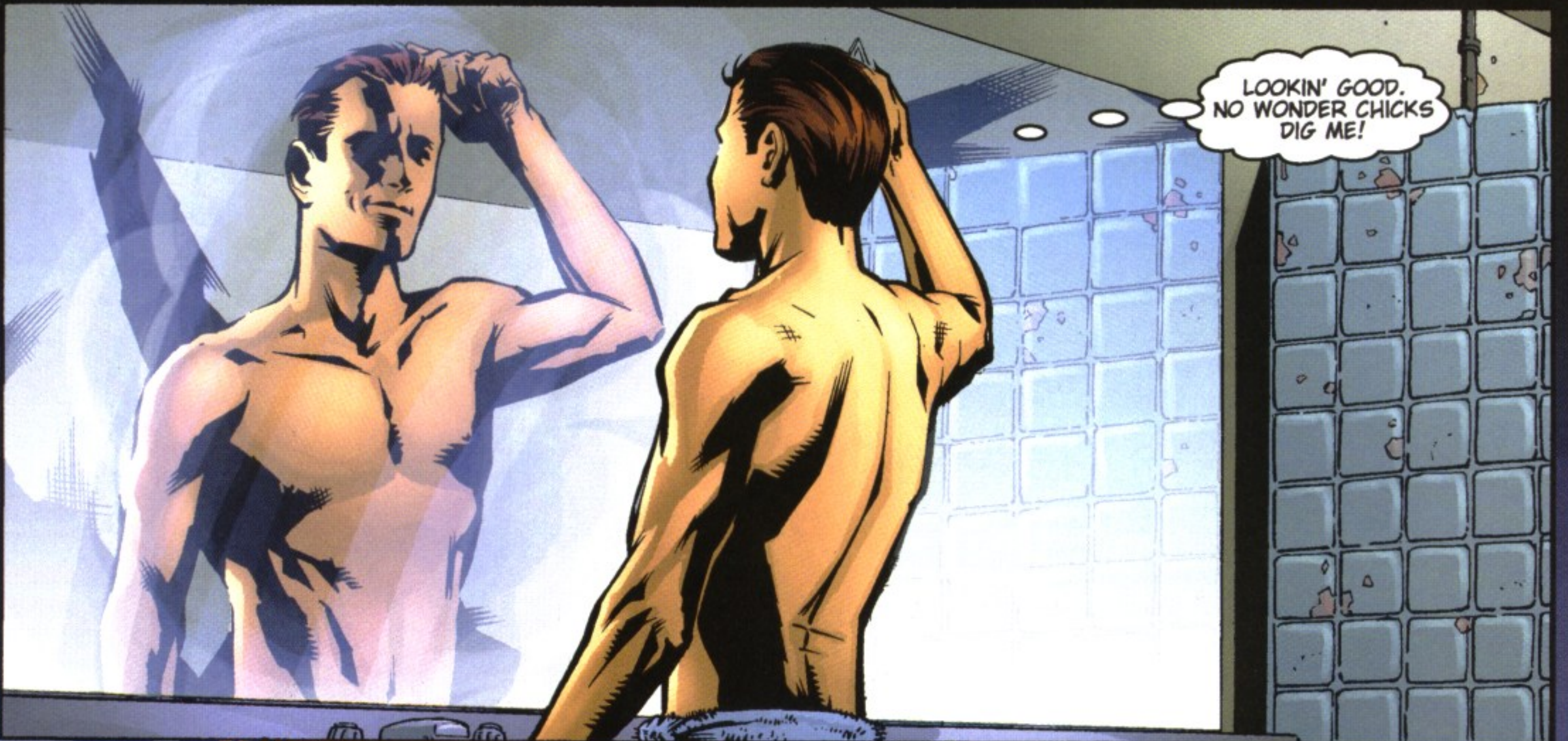




ULPEHOCKEN
FIELD HOUSE.

GOOD
PRACTICE, WADE.
LOCK UP WHEN
YOU LEAVE.

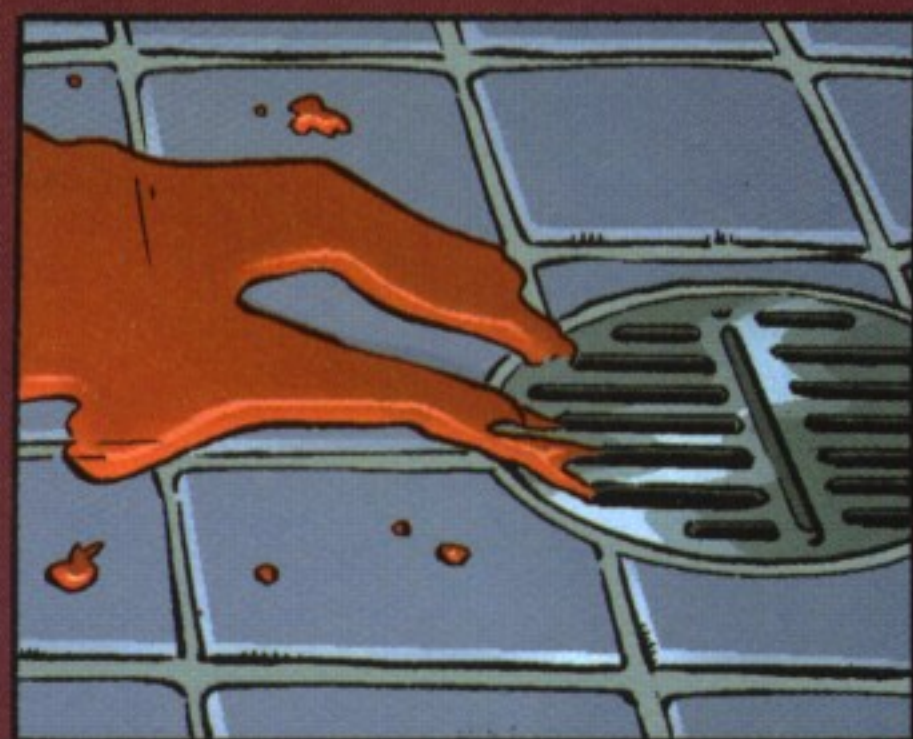
NO PROB.
LATER, DUDE.



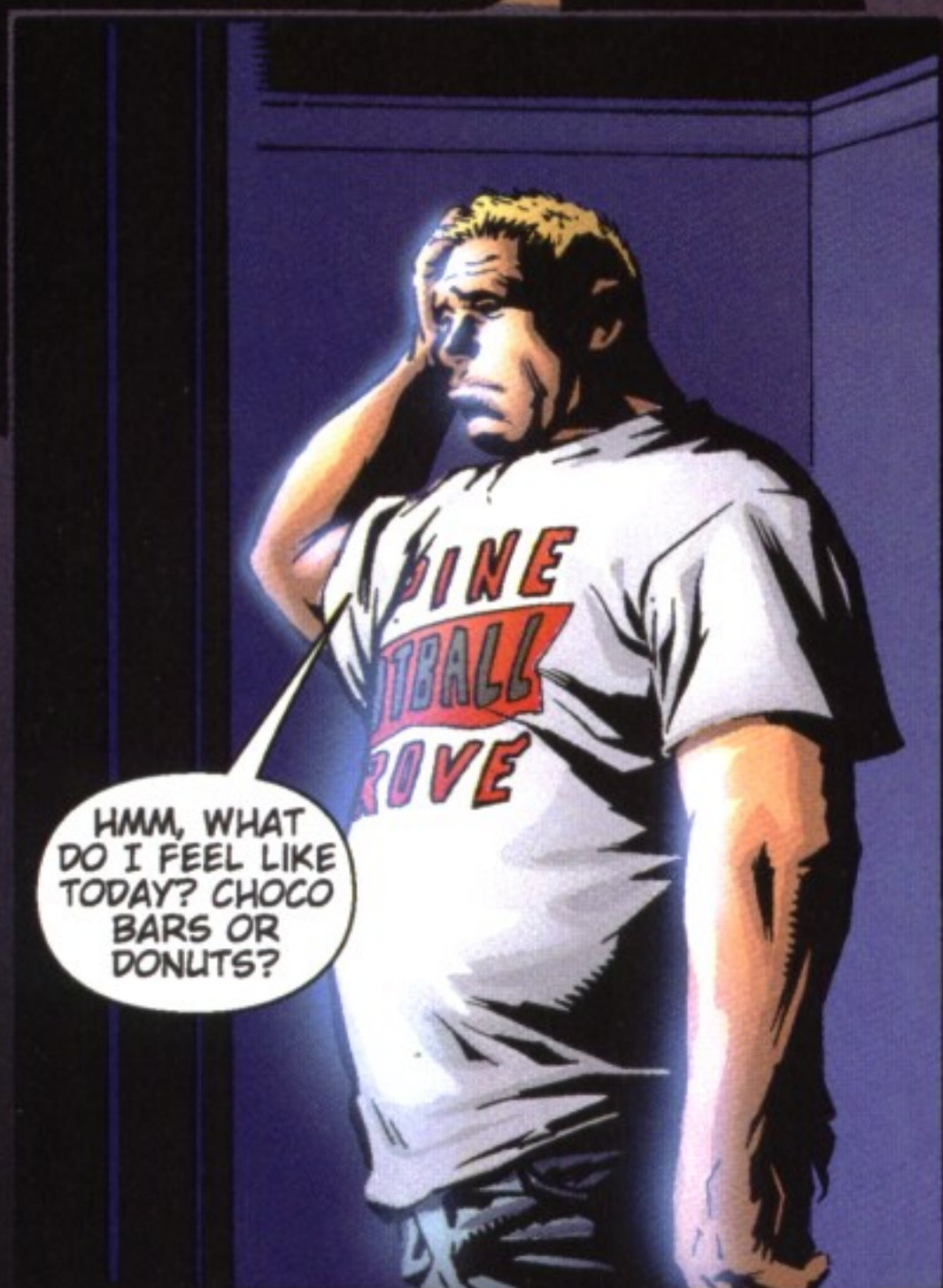
LOOKIN' GOOD.
NO WONDER CHICKS
DIG ME!



HE... HE...
HELLO, WADE...
GGKK...KK



RHEN ATHLETIC DORMITORY.





Boy's
DORMITORY.

EXCELLENT,
MR. VENK. IT
SEEMS THIS
INFERNAL SEARCH
IS AT AN END.

THESE NOTES
INDICATE THAT OUR
YOUNG THIEF DEXTER
WHITLAM FANCIES HIMSELF
SOMETHING OF A SCIENCE
PRODIGY. HIS RESEARCH
IS QUITE AMAZING,
ACTUALLY.

AND OBSERVE THE
VIAL OF G-VIRUS, MY
SILENT FRIEND. IF YOU
LOOK CLOSELY YOU'LL SEE
A HINT OF HUMAN BLOOD
IN THE SOLUTION. HE'S
INJECTED HIMSELF.

LET'S
TAKE HIM
DOWN.

RITZHEIMER
GYMNASIUM.



ANOTHER UPPER
DECK SHOT BY KELLY
THORNEDIKE! THE
CROWD GOES WILD!



HE EYES
THE PITCHER,
WAITING FOR--





P-PAYBACK
TIME, TH-
THORNEDIKKKE...
GGGK...
KK...

STAY AWAY
FROM ME,
FREAK!



GGKK...
KKKILL
YOU...

NO! STOP,
PLEASE!



DEXTER,
YOU'VE GOT TO
STOP! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO YOU,
BUT THERE ARE
PEOPLE AFTER
YOU.



PLEASE, DON'T
KILL HIM, DEXTER!
YOU CAN'T!



I'M BEGGING
YOU. NAME YOUR
PRICE, MY DAD'LL PAY
IT! WHAT DO YOU
WANT?



RRRR...
REVENGE!!!

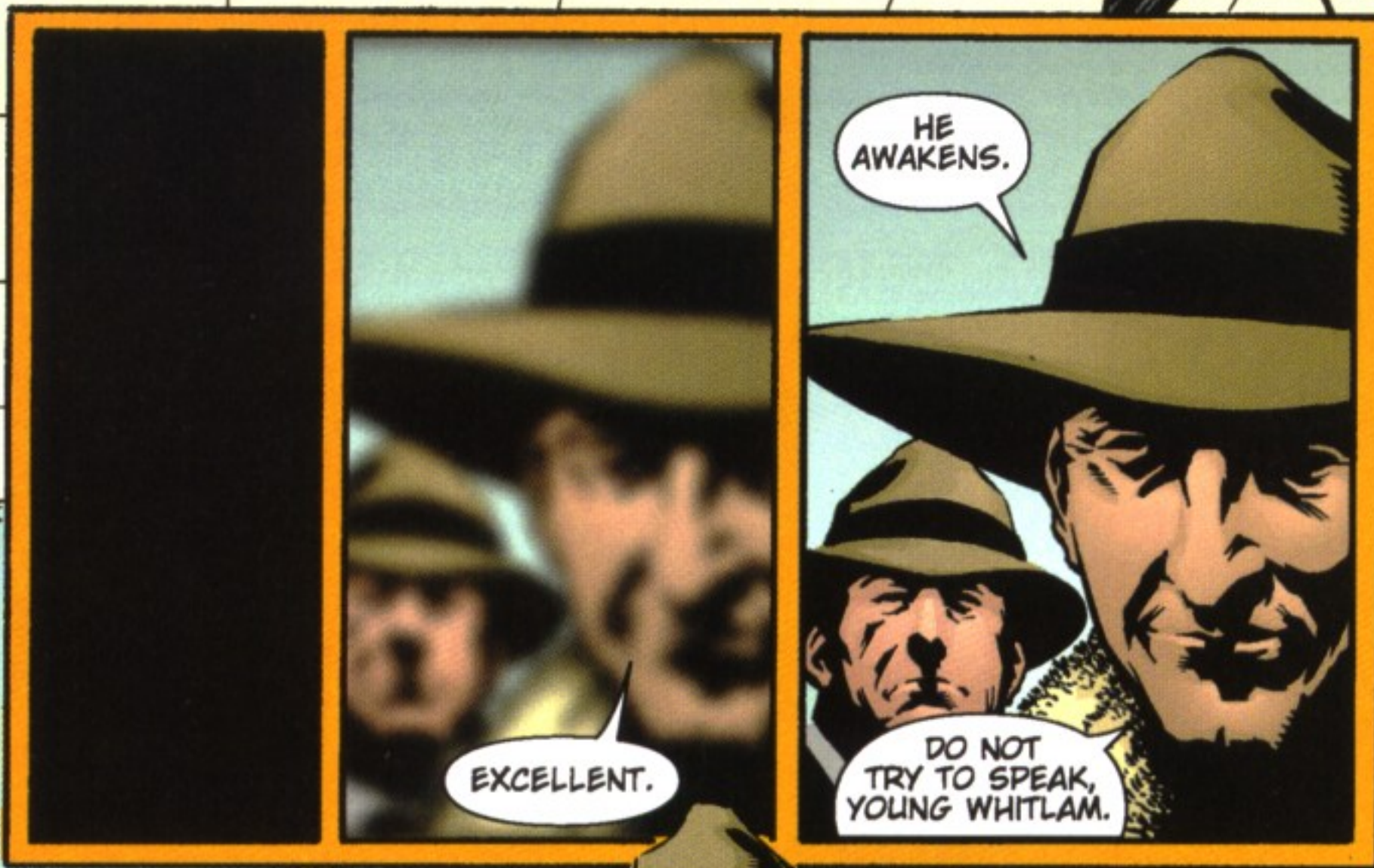


NO!



GKRR...M-
MORE BLOOD...
GGGK... KKK...





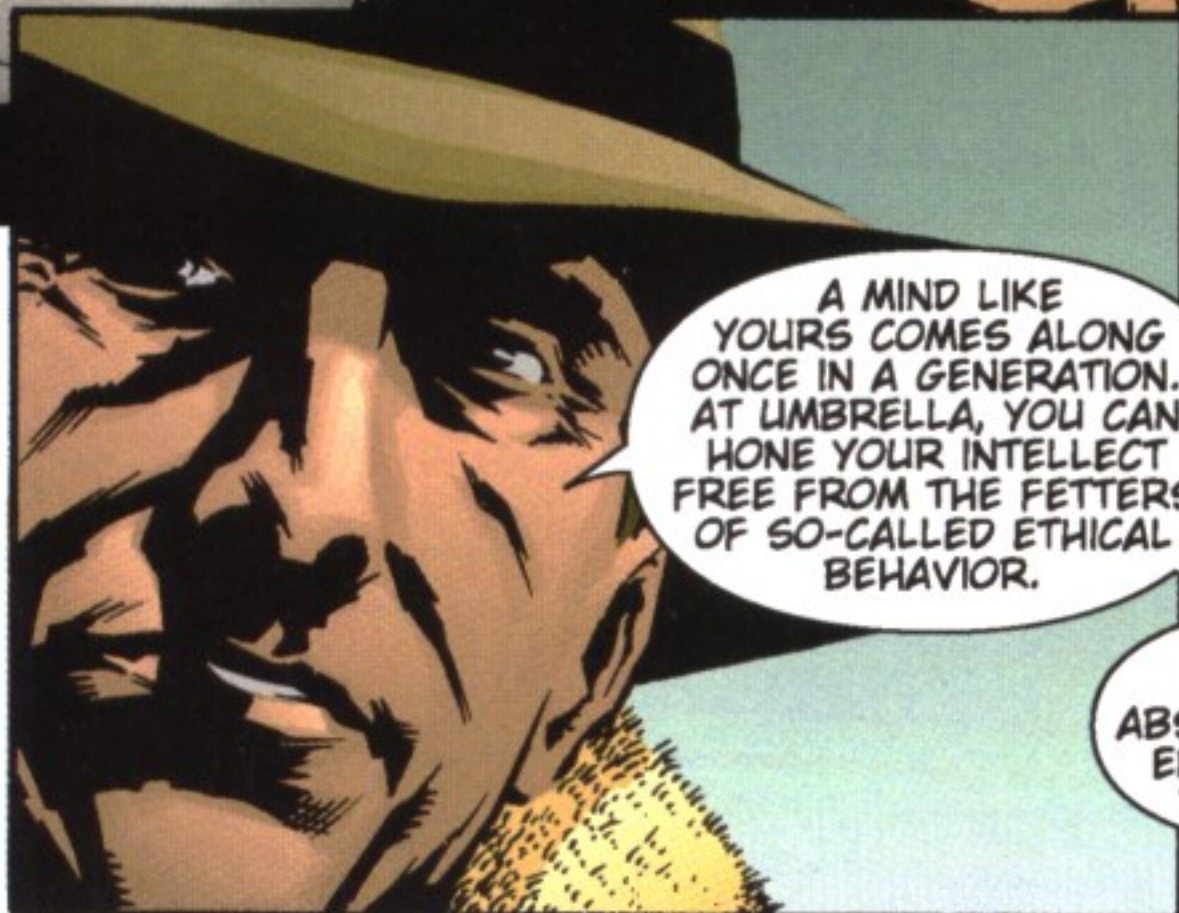
EXCELLENT.

DO NOT TRY TO SPEAK, YOUNG WHITLAM.



THAT'S RIGHT. WE KNOW YOUR NAME, AND QUITE A BIT MORE. YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF TO BE A SCIENTIFIC PRODIGY, UNLOCKING THE SECRET OF THE G-VIRUS IN A MATTER OF HOURS. AND THAT KILLING SPREE OF YOURS -- QUITE NASTY.

IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME FOR YOU TO RECOVER FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE VIRUS, BUT WHEN YOU DO, MY EMPLOYERS AT UMBRELLA ARE PREPARED TO OFFER YOU UNLIMITED RESOURCES TO PURSUE OUR UNIQUE RESEARCH.



A MIND LIKE YOURS COMES ALONG ONCE IN A GENERATION. AT UMBRELLA, YOU CAN HONE YOUR INTELLECT FREE FROM THE FETTERS OF SO-CALLED ETHICAL BEHAVIOR.



WE BELIEVE IT WILL BE AN ABSOLUTELY PERFECT ENVIRONMENT FOR YOU. WELCOME.



OPRISKO
BERMEJO

Leon S. Kennedy

Age: 21

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 155 lbs.

Blood Type: A

Leon S. Kennedy graduated from the Police Academy at the top of his class. He was all that a Raccoon City police officer could hope to be: highly intelligent, supremely confident, and a crack shot. All that he was lacking was experience in the field.

Fate ordained that Leon would gain that experience all too quickly. Arriving in Raccoon City when the population was in the throes of Umbrella's contamination, he needed all his skills to simply stay alive. Leon has made it his personal mission to fight Umbrella's evil wherever it may appear.



The Resident Evil Files

The Resident Evil™ Evil Files

Baby

In the earliest stages of G-virus infection, the unfortunate human host mutates hideously while the baby grows inside its body. When the infant is ready to emerge, the host ejects the monster in a hail of vomit. Once free of its host, the young monstrosity spreads parasites to infect others.



ART BY CARLOS D'ANDA



DAMN IT, DEB,
CAN'T YOU READ
THAT MAP?!

CHILL OUT,
TERRY!



THERE'S A SIGN.
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE
ENTERING RACCOON
CITY.

IT WAS YOUR
IDEA TO "SEE THE
COUNTRY" ON OUR
HONEYMOON. I
WANTED TO GO TO
THE BAHAMAS.



RACCOON CITY?
I DON'T SEE THAT
ON THE MAP.

I THINK WE
COULD USE A BREAK.
LET'S FIND SOMEPLACE
TO GET SOMETHING
TO EAT.

JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
EMMY'S BLOODY SPOON

BASED ON AN IDEA BY CARLOS D'ANDA
TED ADAMS STORY RYAN ODAGAWA PENCILS
BAD @\$\$: PP. 1-5 JOHN TIGHE INKS
WILDSTORM FX: P. 6 ROB ROBBINS LETTERS
COMPUTER COLORS



MMMM. MY FAVORITE, A SMALL TOWN GREASY SPOON.

EMMY'S CAFE



THANKS FOR THE COFFEE, EMMY.

I JUST HOPE THEY'VE GOT A BAR. I NEED A DRINK.

I'M GLAD YOU CAME BY, TIM. IT'S BEEN REALLY QUIET TONIGHT. I WONDER WHERE EVERYONE IS?



GOOD NIGHT.

SEE YA, TIM!

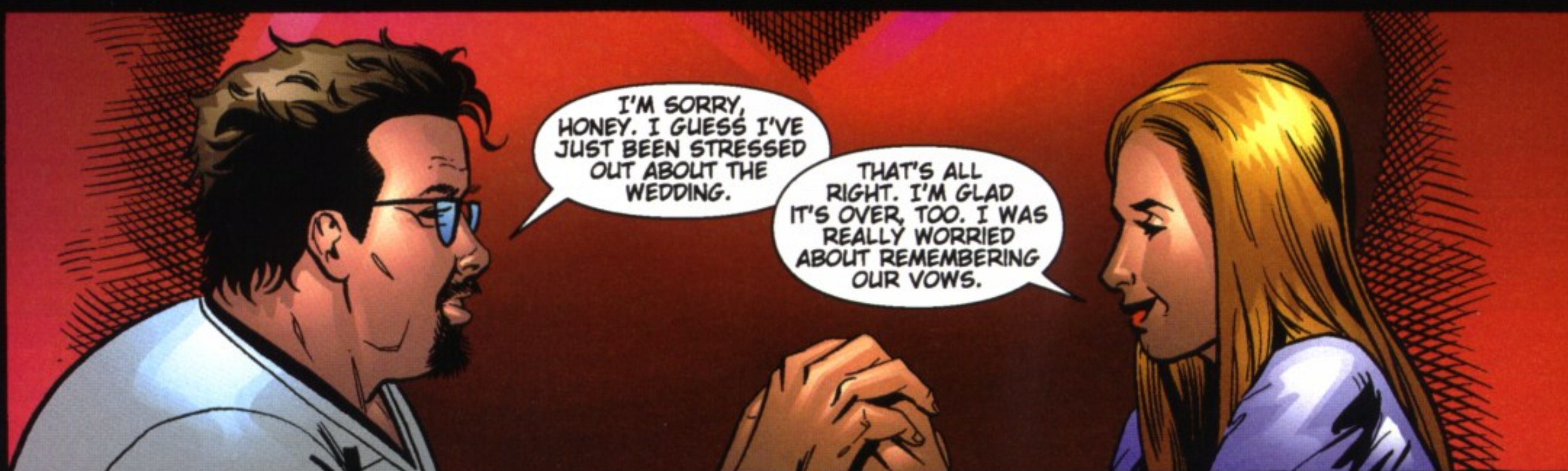
YOU FOLKS FROM OUT OF TOWN?



YUP. WE'RE ON OUR HONEYMOON AND WE GOT A LITTLE LOST. GLAD WE FOUND YOUR PLACE, I'M STARVING. I'LL HAVE THE BANDIT BURGER WITH EXTRA CHEESE AND A LARGE COKE.

AND FOR YOU, MISS?

I'LL JUST HAVE A GLASS OF WINE.







OH, I WASN'T
WORRIED ABOUT
THE VOWS. C'MON,
THERE AREN'T THAT
MANY. FOR RICHER,
FOR POORER...

...IN
SICKNESS,
AND IN
HEALTH...

...UNTIL
DEATH DO
US PART.



WHAT
THE?!



RUN!



GET OFF
HER!

HELP!

HRRG GHHH!

STAB!

WHAT?!

HRRGGGHHH!
DEATHHHH!
PARTTS!

THE END

Barry Burton

Age: 38

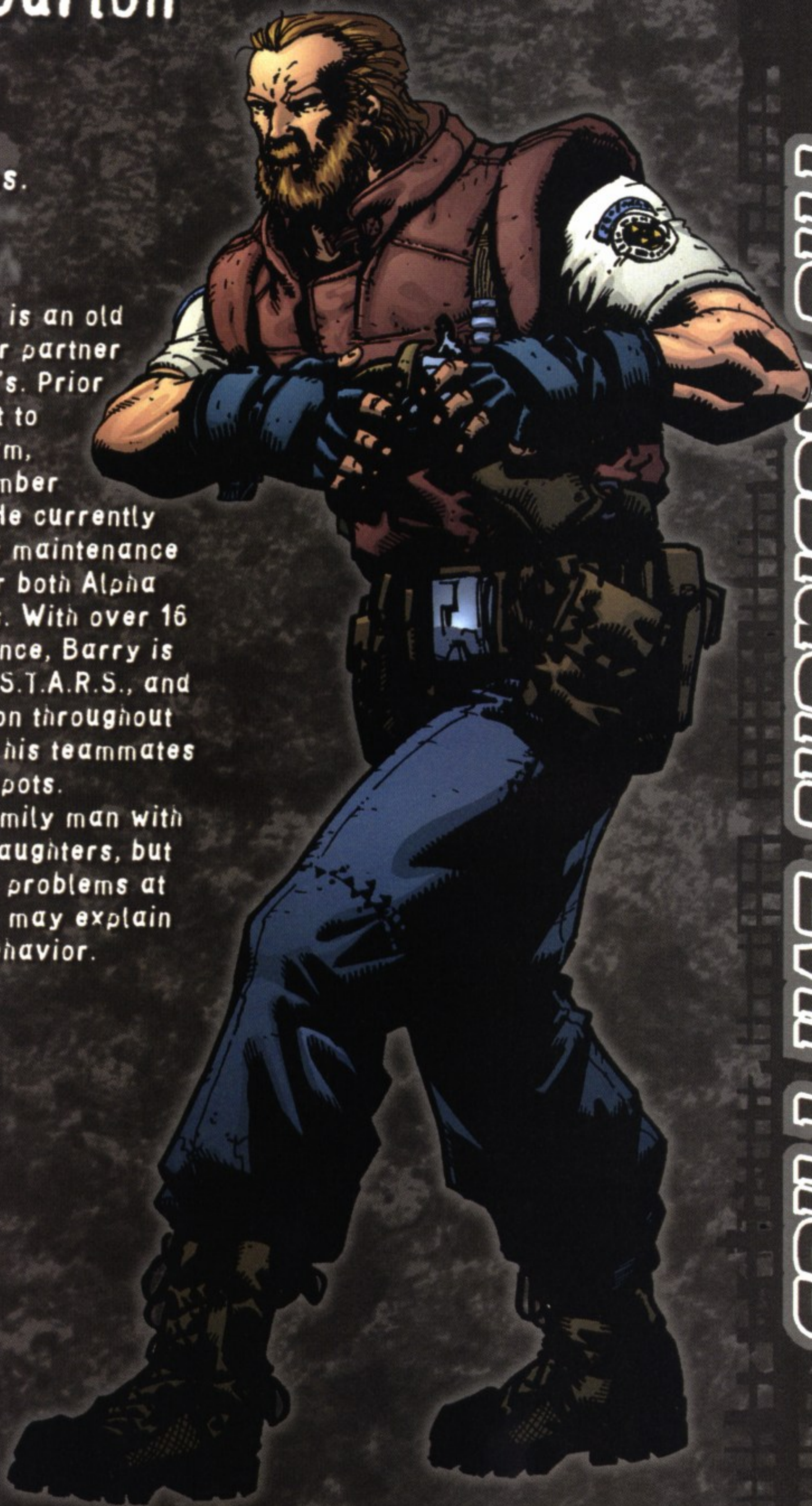
Height: 6'0"

Weight: 197 lbs.

Blood Type: A

Barry Burton is an old friend and former partner of Chris Redfield's. Prior to his assignment to the S.T.A.R.S. team, Barry was a member of a SWAT unit. He currently handles weapons maintenance and inventory for both Alpha and Bravo teams. With over 16 years of experience, Barry is a great asset to S.T.A.R.S., and can be relied upon throughout a mission to pull his teammates out of any tight spots.

Barry is a family man with a wife and two daughters, but he's been having problems at home lately. This may explain his recent odd behavior.



The Resident Evil Files

The Resident Evil™ Evil Files

Licker

An example of the lethal genetic engineering practiced by Umbrella, the Licker is a savage killing machine. Its fearsome claws allow the beast to cling to even the smoothest of surfaces, while its tongue can skewer prey from long distance.



ART BY CARLOS D'ANDA

WE COME TO
EUROPE LOOKING
FOR UMBRELLA'S
HEADQUARTERS...

...AND
ALL I FIND IS
SOME ZOMBIE
VERMIN.*

*SEE RESIDENT
EVIL #4, "ZOMBIES
ABROAD"

GUESS WE
FOUND THE RIGHT
PLACE.

FREAKIN'
ZOMBIES!

JIM LEE AND
WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS
PRESENT

A RESIDENT
EVIL STORY

KANE
& ABE

TED ADAMS
STORY

CARLOS D'ANDA
PENCILS

MARK IRWIN
INKS

WILDSTORM FX:
PP. 1-5

BAD @\$\$:
PP. 6-17

COMPUTER COLORS

ROB ROBBINS
LETTERS





KANE! STOP
IT! SHE'S NOT
OUR ENEMY.

BLAM
BLAM

DAMN IT! I
TOLD CHRIS I
NEEDED BETTER
FIREPOWER.



AAABE!

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

NO! KEEP
IT AWAY!



BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

HOW MANY
BULLETS CAN
THIS THING
TAKE?



IT'S STOPPING?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO.

...ONE THING LEFT...



I'VE FAILED YOU, KANE.

TAK!
TAK! TAK!
TAK! TAK!
TAK! TAK!



THIS IS THE ONLY WAY.

TAK!
TAK!
TAK! TAK!



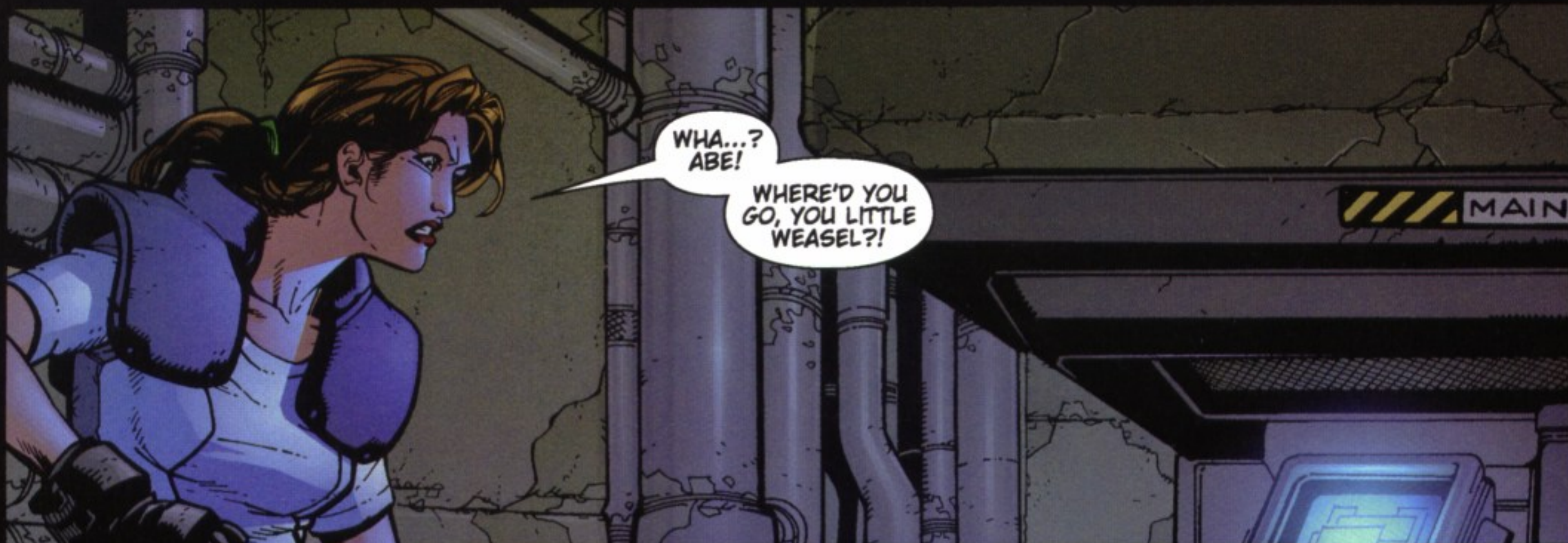
TAK! TAK! BEEEEEEEEEP!

GET UP, YOU ROTTING BASTARD! I KNOW YOU'RE NOT DEAD!



KLUICK!

UHHRRHHHHH!



SELF-DESTRUCT

7:30



SELF-DESTRUCT

6:00

SELF-DESTRUCT

5:55



SELF-DESTRUCT

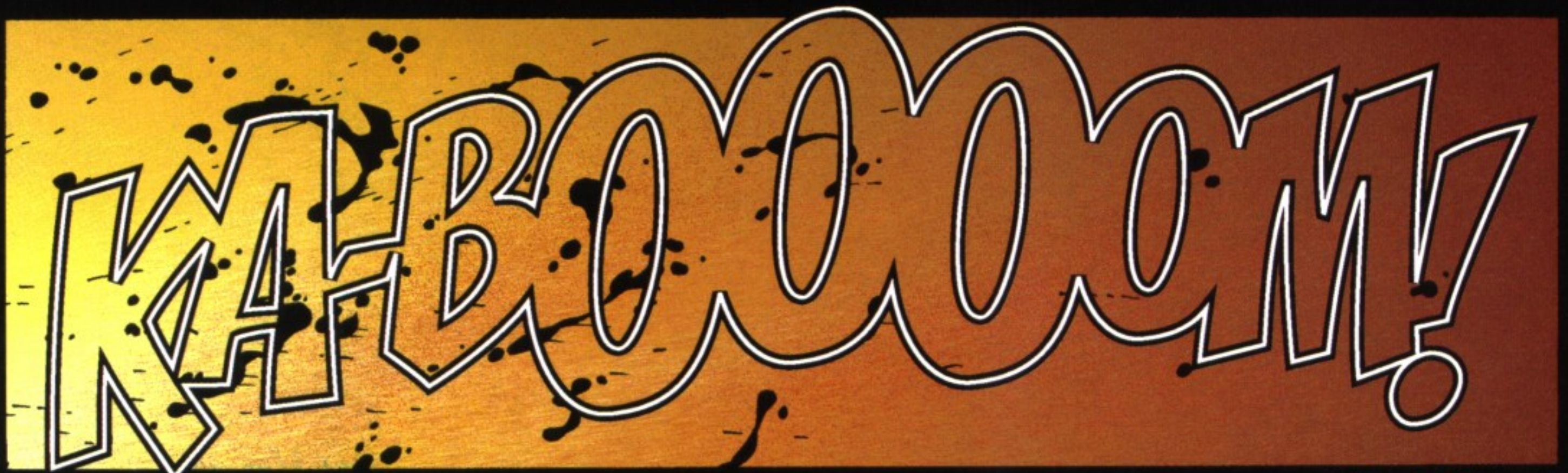
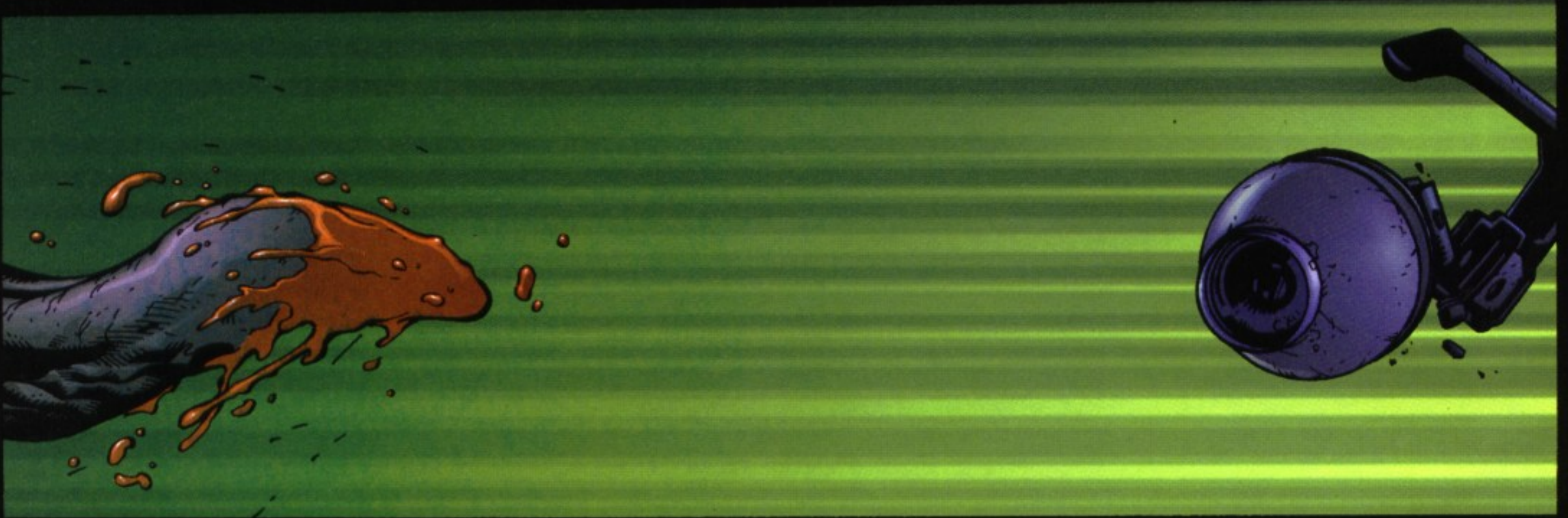
4:00

GRARGH!!!!!!

THE SELF-DESTRUCT SYSTEM MUST HAVE BROKEN SOME WATER PIPES. I CAN BARELY SEE THROUGH THIS STEAM.

I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SEE IT, BUT I BET BULLETS WON'T STOP THIS THING.

USE THE GRENADES!



SELF-DESTRUCT **3:00**





DAMN! I'M GONNA FEEL THAT ONE IN THE MORNING. NOW WHAT?!

MAYBE THAT WAS THE LAST OF THEM.

GIVE ME A BREAK! DID THE DROP SCRAMBLE YOUR BRAIN?! NO WAY WAS THAT THE LAST OF UMBRELLA!

HEY THERE BIG BROTHER!

CLAIRE?

CLAIRE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

I GOT WORRIED WHEN I COULDN'T FIND YOU IN RACCOON CITY, SO I READ YOUR DIARY AND IT SAID YOU WERE COMING TO EUROPE. WE MET FALCON AND HE TOLD US WHERE YOU WERE. THIS IS MY FRIEND, LEON.



LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT A STORY FOR US.

YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, PAL. GUESS WE'LL DEAL YOU IN ON THE WAY BACK TO THE U.S.

BACK?! BUT WE JUST GOT HERE!

FIN